THE

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

PETER PORCUPINE,

WITH

A FULL AND FAIR ACCOUNT

OF

ALL HIS AUTHORING TRANSACTIONS;

BEING A SURE AND INFALLIBLE GUIDE FOR ALL ENTERPRISING YOUNG MEN WHO WISH TO MAKE A FORTUNE BY WRITING

PAMPHLETS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

HIS WILL AND TESTAMENT.

BY PETER PORCUPINE Himſelf.

" Now, you lying Varlets, you ſhall ſee how a plain tale will put you down."——SHAKESPEARE.

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PREFACE.

THE celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's ſomewhere obſerves, that a man of talents no ſooner emerges from obſcurity than all the blockheads are inſtantly up in arms againſt him. Fully perſuaded of the truth of this obſervation, I ſhould have been prepared for hoſtility, had I imagined myſelf a man of talents; but, knowing the contrary too well, little expected that the harmleſs eſſays from my pen would have conjured up againſt me this numerous and ſtupid hoſt. It is their misfortune, never to form a right conception of any perſon or thing, and therefore their abuſe is not always a certain proof of merit in the object on which it is beſtowed: their ignorance leſſens the honour conferred by their envy, hatred and malice.

I have long been the butt of the ſilly aſperſions of this grovelling tribe; but their ſpite never diſcovered itſelf in its deepeſt colours, till they ſaw me, as they imagined, "iſſue from poverty to the appearance of "better condition." Then it was that their gall ran over, and jaundiced their whole countenances; then it was that the ſtupideſt of all ſtupid gazettes, that lewd and common ſtrumpet, the *Aurora*, became pregnant with the following *baſtard*, as abundant in falſehood as any one that ever ſprang from the loins of *Poor Richard*.

" *FOR THE AURORA.*

HISTORY OF PETER PORCUPINE.

" Mr. BACHE,

" As the people of America may not be informed " who PETER PORCUPINE is, the celebrated manu- " facturer of *lies*, and retailer of *filth*, I will give you " some little account of this pestiferous animal. This " wretch was obliged to *abscond* from his darling " *Old England* to avoid being turned off into the o- " ther world before, what he supposed, his time. It " may be well imagined, that in a land of liberty " and flowing with milk and honey, his *precipitate* " *retreat* could not have been owing to any offence " committed against the government very honourable " to himself. Gnawed by the worm that never dies, " his own wretchedness would ever prevent him " from making any attempt in favour of human " happiness. His usual occupation at home was " that of a *garret-scribbler*, excepting a little *night-* " *business* occasionally, to supply unavoidable ex- " igencies; Grubb-street did not answer his pur- " poses, and being scented by certain tipstaffs for " something more than scribbling, he took a *French* " *leave* for France. His evil genius pursued him " here, and *as his fingers were as long as ever*, he " was obliged as suddenly to leave the Republic,

" which has now drawn forth all his venom for her
" attempt to do him *juſtice*. On his arrival in this
" country, he figured ſome time as a *pedagogue;* but
" as his employment ſcarcely furniſhed him ſalt to
" his porridge, he having been literally without
" hardly bread to eat, and not a ſecond ſhirt to his
" back, he reſumed his old occupation of ſcribbling,
" having little chance of ſucceſs in the other em-
" ployments which drove him to this country. His
" talent at *lies* and *Billingſgate rhetoric*, introduced
" him to the notice of a certain foreign agent, who
" was known during the Revolution by the name of
" *traitor*. This ſaid agent has been ſeen to pay fre-
" quent viſits to PETER. To atone for his tranſ-
" greſſions in the mother country, as well as to get
" a little more bread to eat than he had been accuſ-
" tomed to, he enliſted in the cauſe of his gracious
" majeſty. From the extreme of poverty and filth,
" he has ſuddenly ſprouted into at leaſt the appear-
" ance of better condition; for he has taken a houſe
" for the ſale of his large poiſon, at the enormous
" rent of *twelve hundred dollars a year*, and has *paid*
" *a year's rent in advance!!* The public will now be
" enabled to account for the overflowings of his gall
" againſt the Republic of France, and the Republi-
" cans of this country, as well as his devotion to
" the cauſe of tyranny and of Kings. From the
" frequency of viſits paid him by the agent already
" mentioned, and his ſudden change of condition,
" *ſecret ſervice-money* muſt have been liberally employ-
" ed; for his zeal to make atonement to his mother
" country ſeems proportioned to the magnitude of

" his offence, and the *guineas* advanced. As this " *fugitive felon* has crept from his hole, his *quills* " will now become harmleſs; for hitherto they have " only excited apprehenſion becauſe the beaſt who " ſhot them was concealed. I have a number of " anecdotes reſpecting him, that I will ſoon trouble " you with, for the amuſement of the public. This " ſtatement will convince PETER, that I know him " well, and that I have only diſcloſed a part of the " truth.

" PAUL HEDGEHOG."

This *Paul Hedgehog* I know nothing of. I can hardly ſuppoſe that he is one of my couſins at New-York: if he be, for the honour of our family, I hope that he is a baſtard. But, let Paul be what he will, he is not the only one who has attempted to ſink me in the opinion of a public that has ever honoured my eſſays with diſtinguiſhed marks of approbation. I have been well informed, that it is currently reported, that Mr. Thomas Bradford, the Bookſeller, " put a coat upon my back," and that, when I was firſt favoured with his patronage, I had not a " ſe- " cond ſhirt to my back."

Were I to calculate upon the uſual operations of truth and gratitude, I ſhould look upon it as impoſſible that inſinuations of this kind had ever been thrown out by Mr. Bradford, or any of his family;

but, now-a-days, in this happy age of reaſon and liberty, we ſee ſuch extraordinary things happen in the world, that to doubt, at leaſt, does not argue an exceſs of credulity or incredulity.

Let the propagators of all theſe falſehoods be who they may, I am much obliged to them for giving me this opportunity of publiſhing the Hiſtory of my Life and Adventures, a thing that I was determined to do, whenever a fair occaſion offered, and which never could have been ſo well timed as at the moment when I am ſtepping into a ſituation, where I may probably continue for the reſt of my life.

I here remember well what I ſaid in my *Obſervations on the Emigration of Doctor Prieſtley*. "No man "has a right to pry into his neighbour's private con- "cerns; and the opinions of every man are his pri- "vate concerns, while he keeps them ſo; that is to "ſay, while they are confined to himſelf, his family "and particular friends; but, when he makes thoſe "opinions public; when he once attempts to make "converts, whether it be in religion, politics, or any "thing elſe; when he once comes forward as a "candidate for public admiration, eſteem or com- "paſſion, his opinions, his principles, his motives, "every action of his life, public or private, become "the fair ſubject of public diſcuſſion."

This is a principle I laid down in the firſt original page I ever wrote for the preſs. On this principle it is, that I think myſelf juſtified in the preſent publication, and that I am ready to approve of others for publiſhing whatever they may know concerning me. Let them write on, till their old pens are worn

to the ſtump: let the devils ſweat; let them fire their balls at my reputation, till the very preſs cries out murder. If ever they hear me whine or complain, I will give them leave to fritter my carcaſs, and trail my guts along the ſtreet, as the French ſansculottes did thoſe of Thomas Mauduit.

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OF

PETER PORCUPINE.

TO be deſcended from an illuſtrious family certainly reflects honour on any man, in ſpite of the ſans-culotte principles of the preſent day. This is, however, an honour that I have no pretenſion to. All that I can boaſt of in my birth, is, that I was born in Old England; the country from whence came the men who explored and ſettled North America; the country of Penn, and of the father and mother of General Waſhington.

With reſpect to my anceſtors, I ſhall go no further back than my grandfather, and for this plain reaſon, that I never heard talk of any prior to him. He was a day-labourer, and I have heard my father ſay, that he worked for one farmer from the day of his marriage to that of his death, upwards of forty years. He died before I was born, but I have often ſlept beneath the ſame roof that had ſheltered him, and where his widow dwelt for ſeveral years after his death. It was a little thatched cottage with a garden before the door. It had but two windows; a damſon tree ſhaded one, and a clump of filberts the other. Here I and my brothers went every

Chriſtmas and Whitſuntide, to ſpend a week or two, and torment the poor old woman with our noiſe and dilapidations. She uſed to give us milk and bread for breakfaſt, an apple pudding for our dinner, and a piece of bread and cheeſe for ſupper. Her fire was made of turf, cut from the neighbouring heath, and her evening light was a ruſh dipped in greaſe.

How much better is it, thus to tell the naked truth, than to deſcend to ſuch miſerable ſhifts as Doctor Franklin has had recourſe to, in order to perſuade people that his foreſathers were men of wealth and conſideration. Not being able to refer his reader to the herald's office for proofs of the fame and antiquity of his family, he appeals to the etymology of his name, and points out a paſſage in an obſolete book, whence he has the conſcience to inſiſt on our concluding, that, in the Old Engliſh language, a *Franklin* meant a man of *good reputation and of conſequence*. According to Doctor Johnſon, a Franklin was what we now call a gentleman's ſteward or land-bailiff, a perſonage one degree above a bumbailiff, and that's all.

Every one will, I hope, have the goodneſs to believe, that my grandfather was no philoſopher. Indeed he was not. He never made a lightning-rod, nor bottled up a ſingle quart of ſun-ſhine in the whole courſe of his life. He was no almanack-maker, nor quack, nor chimney-doctor, nor ſoap-boiler, nor ambaſſador, nor printer's devil: neither was he a deiſt, and all his children were born in wedlock. The legacies he left, were, his ſcythe, his reap-hook, and his flail; he bequeathed no old and irrecoverable debts to an hoſpital: he never *cheated the poor during his life*, nor *mocked them in his death*. He has, it is true, been ſuffered to ſleep quietly beneath the green ſord; but, if his deſcendants cannot point to his ſtatue over the door of a library, they have not the mortification to hear him daily accuſed of having been a whore-maſter, a hypocrite and an infidel.

My father, when I was born, was a farmer. The reader will eaſily believe, from the poverty of his parents, that he had received no very brilliant education: he was, however, learned, for a man in his rank of life. When a little boy, he drove plough for two-pence a day, and theſe his earnings were appropriated to the expenſes of an evening ſchool. What a village ſchool-maſter could be expected to teach, he had learnt, and had beſides conſiderably improved himſelf in ſeveral branches of the mathematics. He underſtood land-ſurveying well, and was often choſen to draw the plans of diſputed territory: in ſhort, he had the reputation of poſſeſſing experience and underſtanding, which never fails, in England, to give a man in a country place, ſome little weight with his neighbours. He was honeſt, induſtrious, and frugal; it was not, therefore, wonderful, that he ſhould be ſituated in a good farm, and happy in a wife of his own rank, like him, beloved and reſpected.

So much for my anceſtors, from whom, if I derive no honour, I derive no ſhame.

I had (and I hope I yet have) three brothers: the eldeſt is a ſhop-keeper, the ſecond a farmer, and the youngeſt, if alive, is in the ſervice of the Honourable Eaſt India company, a private ſoldier, perhaps, as I have been in the ſervice of the king. I was born on the ninth of March, 1766: the exact age of my brothers I have forgotten, but I remember having heard my mother ſay, that there was but three years and three quarters difference between the age of the oldeſt and that of the youngeſt.

A father like ours, it will be readily ſuppoſed, did not ſuffer us to eat the bread of idleneſs. I do not remember the time when I did not earn my living. My firſt occupation was, driving the ſmall birds from the turnip ſeed, and the rooks from the peas. When I firſt trudged a-field, with my wooden bottle and my ſatchel ſwung over my ſhoulders, I was hardly able to climb the gates and ſtiles, and, at the cloſe of the

day, to reach home was a taſk of infinite difficulty. My next employment was weeding wheat, and leading a ſingle horſe at harrowing barley. Hoeing peas followed, and hence I arrived at the honour of joining the reapers in harveſt, driving the team and holding plough. We were all of us ſtrong and laborious, and my father uſed to boaſt, that he had four boys, the eldeſt of whom was but fifteen years old, who did as much work as any three men in the pariſh of Farnham. Honeſt pride, and happy days!

I have ſome faint recollection of going to ſchool to an old woman, who, I believe, did not ſucceed in learning me my letters. In the winter evenings my father learnt us all to read and write, and gave us a pretty tolerable knowledge of arithmetic. Grammar he did not perfectly underſtand himſelf, and therefore his endeavours to learn us that, neceſſarily failed; for, though he thought he underſtood it, and though he made us get the rules by heart, we learnt nothing at all of the principles.

Our religion was that of the Church of England, to which I have ever remained attached; the more ſo, perhaps, as it bears the name of my country. As my anceſtors were never perſecuted for their religious opinions, they never had an opportunity of giving ſuch a ſingular proof of their faith as Doctor Franklin's grandfather did, when he kept his Bible under the lid of a cloſe-ſtool. (What a bookcaſe!) If I had been in the place of Doctor Franklin, I never would have related this ridiculous circumſtance, eſpecially as it muſt be conſtrued into a boaſt of his grandfather's having an extraordinary degree of veneration for a book, which, it is well known, he himſelf *durſt* not believe in.

As to politics, we were like the reſt of the country people in England; that is to ſay, we neither knew nor thought any thing about the matter. The ſhouts of victory, or the murmurs at a defeat, would now-and-then break in upon our tranquillity

for a moment; but I do not remember ever having ſeen a newſpaper in the houſe, and moſt certainly that privation did not render us leſs induſtrious, happy or free.

After, however, the American war had continued for ſome time, and the cauſe and nature of it began to be underſtood, or rather miſunderſtood, by the lower claſſes of the people in England, we became a little better acquainted with ſubjects of this kind. It is well known, that the people were, as to numbers, nearly equally divided in their opinions concerning that war, and their wiſhes reſpecting the reſult of it. My father was a partizan of the Americans: he uſed frequently to diſpute on the ſubject with the gardener of a nobleman who lived near us. This was generally done with good humour, over a pot of our beſt ale; yet the diſputants ſometimes grew warm, and gave way to language that could not fail to attract our attention. My father was worſted without doubt, as he had for antagoniſt, a ſhrewd and ſenſible old Scotchman, far his ſuperior in political knowledge; but he pleaded before a partial audience: we thought there was but one wiſe man in the world, and that one was our father. He who pleaded the cauſe of the Americans had an advantage, too, with young minds: he had only to repreſent the king's troops as ſent to cut the throats of a people, our friends and relations, merely becauſe they would not ſubmit to oppreſſion, and his cauſe was gained. Speaking to the paſſions is ever ſure to ſucceed on the uninformed.

Men of integrity are generally pretty obſtinate in adhering to an opinion once adopted. Whether it was owing to this, or to the weakneſs of Mr. Martin's arguments, I will not pretend to ſay, but he never could make a convert of my father: he continued an American, and ſo ſtaunch a one, that he would not have ſuffered his beſt friend to drink ſucceſs to the king's arms at his table. I cannot give the reader a better idea of his obſtinacy in this reſpect, and of the

length to which this difference in ſentiment was carried in England, than by relating the following inſtance.

My father uſed to take one of us with him every year to the great hop-fair at Wey-Hill. The fair was held at Old Michaelmas-tide, and the journey was, to us, a ſort of reward for the labours of the ſummer. It happened to be my turn to go thither the very year that Long-Iſland was taken by the Britiſh. A great company of hop-merchants and farmers were juſt ſitting down to ſupper as the poſt arrived, bringing in the extraordinary Gazette which announced the victory. A hop-factor from London took the paper, placed his chair upon the table, and began to read with an audible voice. He was oppoſed, a diſpute enſued, and my father retired, taking me by the hand, to another apartment, where we ſupped with about a dozen others of the ſame ſentiments. Here Waſhington's health, and ſucceſs to the Americans, were repeatedly toaſted, and this was the firſt time, as far as I can recollect, that I ever heard the General's name mentioned. Little did I then dream, that I ſhould ever ſee the man, and ſtill leſs that I ſhould hear ſome of his own countrymen reviling and execrating him.

Let not the reader imagine, that I wiſh to aſſume any merit from this, perhaps miſtaken, prejudice of an honoured and beloved parent. Whether he was right or wrong is not now worth talking about: that I had no opinion of my own is certain; for, had my father been on the other ſide, I ſhould have been on the other ſide too, and ſhould have looked upon the company I then made a part of as malcontents and rebels. I mention theſe circumſtances merely to ſhow that I was not "nurſed in the lap of ariſtocracy," and that I did not imbibe my principles, or prejudices, from thoſe who were the advocates of blind ſubmiſſion. If my father had any fault, it was not being ſubmiſſive enough, and I am much afraid

my acquaintance have but too often diſcovered the ſame fault in his ſon.

It would be as uſeleſs as unentertaining to dwell on the occupations and ſports of a country boy; to lead the reader to fairs, cricket-matches and hare-hunts. I ſhall therefore come at once to the epoch, when an accident happened that gave that turn to my future life, which at laſt brought me to the United States.

Towards the autumn of 1782, I went to viſit a relation who lived in the neighbourhood of Portſmouth. From the top of Portſdown, I, for the firſt time, beheld the ſea, and no ſooner did I behold it than I wiſhed to be a ſailor. I could never account for this ſudden impulſe, nor can I now. Almoſt all Engliſh boys feel the ſame inclination: it would ſeem that, like young ducks, inſtinct leads them to ruſh on the boſom of the water.

But it was not the ſea alone that I ſaw: the grand fleet was riding at anchor at Spithead. I had heard of the wooden walls of Old England: I had formed my ideas of a ſhip and of a fleet; but, what I now beheld ſo far ſurpaſſed what I had ever been able to form a conception of, that I ſtood loſt between aſtoniſhment and admiration. I had heard talk of the glorious deeds of our admirals and ſailors, of the defeat of the Spaniſh Armado, and of all thoſe memorable combats that good and true Engliſhmen never fail to relate to their children about a hundred times a-year. The brave Rodney's victories over our natural enemies, the French and Spaniards, had long been the theme of our praiſe, and the burden of our ſongs. The ſight of the fleet brought all theſe into my mind; in confuſed order, it is true, but with irreſiſtible force. My heart was inflated with national pride. The ſailors were my countrymen, the fleet belonged to my country, and ſurely I had my part in it, and in all its honours: yet, theſe honours I had not

earned; I took to myself a sort of reproach for possessing what I had no right to, and resolved to have a just claim by sharing in the hardships and dangers.

I arrived at my uncle's late in the evening, with my mind full of my sea-faring project. Though I had walked thirty miles during the day, and consequently was well wearied, I slept not a moment. It was no sooner day-light than I arose and walked down towards the old castle on the beach of Spithead. For a sixpence given to an invalid I got permission to go up on the battlements: here I had a closer view of the fleet, and at every look my impatience to be on board increased. In short, I went from the castle to Portsmouth, got into a boat, and was in a few minutes on board the Pegasus man of war, commanded by the Right Honourable George Berkley, brother to the Earl of Berkley.

The Captain had more compassion than is generally met with in men of his profession: he represented to me the toils I must undergo, and the punishment that the least disobedience or neglect would subject me to. He persuaded me to return home, and I remember he concluded his advice with telling me, that it was better to be led to church in a halter, to be tied to a girl that I did not like, than to be tied to the gang-way, or, as the sailors call it, married to *miss roper*. From the conclusion of this wholesome counsel, I perceived that the captain thought I had eloped on account of a bastard. I blushed, and that confirmed him in his opinion; but I declare to the reader, that I was no more guilty of such an offence than Mr. Swanwick, or any other gentleman who is constitutionally virtuous. No; thank heaven, I have none of the Franklintonian crimes to accuse myself of; my children do not hang their hats up in other men's houses; I am neither patriot nor philosopher.

I in vain attempted to convince Captain Berkley, that choice alone had led me to the sea; he sent me

on ſhore, and I at laſt quitted Portſmouth; but not before I had applied to the Port-Admiral, Evans, to get my name enrolled among thoſe who were deſtined for the ſervice. I was, in ſome ſort, obliged to acquaint the Admiral with what had paſſed on board the Pegaſus, in conſequence of which my requeſt was refuſed, and I happily eſcaped, ſorely againſt my will, from the moſt toilſome and perilous profeſſion in the world.

I returned once more to the plough, but I was ſpoiled for a farmer. I had, before my Portſmouth adventure, never known any other ambition than that of ſurpaſſing my brothers in the different labours of the field; but it was quite otherwiſe now; I ſighed for a ſight of the world; the little iſland of Britain ſeemed too ſmall a compaſs for me. The things in which I had taken the moſt delight were neglected; the ſinging of the birds grew inſipid, and even the heart-cheering cry of the hounds, after which I formerly uſed to fly from my work, bound o'er the fields, and daſh through the brakes and coppices, was heard with the moſt torpid indifference. Still, however, I remained at home till the following ſpring, when I quitted it, perhaps, for ever.

It was on the ſixth of May, 1783, that I, like Don Quixotte, ſallied forth to ſeek adventures. I was dreſſed in my holiday clothes, in order to accompany two or three laſſes to Guildford fair. They were to aſſemble at a houſe about three miles from my home, where I was to attend them; but, unfortunately for me, I had to croſs the London turnpike road. The ſtage-coach had juſt turned the ſummit of a hill, and was rattling down towards me at a merry rate. The notion of going to London never entered my mind till this very moment, yet the ſtep was completely determined on, before the coach came to the ſpot where I ſtood. Up I got, and was in London about nine o'clock in the evening.

It was by mere accident that I had money enough

to defray the expenſes of this day. Being rigged out for the fair, I had three or four crown and half-crown pieces (which moſt certainly I did not intend to ſpend) beſides a few ſhillings and half-pence. This my little all, which I had been years in amaſſing, melted away, like ſnow before the ſun, when touched by the fingers of the inn-keepers and their waiters. In ſhort, when I arrived at Ludgate-Hill, and had paid my fare, I had but about half a crown in my pocket.

By a commencement of that good luck, which has hitherto attended me through all the ſituations in which fortune has placed me, I was preſerved from ruin. A gentleman, who was one of the paſſengers in the ſtage, fell into converſation with me at dinner, and he ſoon learnt that I was going I knew not whither nor for what. This gentleman was a hop-merchant in the borough of Southwark, and, upon cloſer inquiry, it appeared that he had often dealt with my father at Wey-Hill. He knew the danger I was in; he was himſelf a father, and he felt for my parents. His houſe became my home, he wrote to my father, and endeavoured to prevail on me to obey his orders, which were to return immediately home. I am aſhamed to ſay that I was diſobedient. It was the firſt time I had ever been ſo, and I have repented of it from that moment to this. Willingly would I have returned, but pride would not ſuffer me to do it. I feared the ſcoffs of my acquaintances more than the real evils that threatened me.

My generous preſerver, finding my obſtinacy not to be overcome, began to look out for an employment for me. He was preparing an advertiſement for the newſpaper, when an acquaintance of his, an attorney, called in to ſee him. He related my adventure to this gentleman, whoſe name was Holland, and who, happening to want an underſtrapping quill-driver, did me the honour to take me into his ſervice, and the next

day saw me perched upon a great high stool, in an obscure chamber in Gray's Inn, endeavouring to decypher the crabbed draughts of my employer.

I could write a good plain hand, but I could not read the pot-hooks and hangers of Mr. Holland. He was a month in learning me to copy without almost continual assistance, and even then I was of but little use to him; for, besides that I wrote a snail's pace, my want of knowledge in orthography, gave him infinite trouble: so that, for the first two months I was a dead weight upon his hands. Time, however, rendered me useful, and Mr. Holland was pleased to tell me that he was very well satisfied with me, just at the very moment when I began to grow extremely dissatisfied with him.

No part of my life has been totally unattended with pleasure, except the eight or nine months I passed in Gray's Inn. The office (for so the dungeon where I wrote was called) was so dark, that, on cloudy days, we were obliged to burn candle. I worked like a galley-slave from five in the morning till eight or nine at night, and sometimes all night long. How many quarrels have I assisted to foment and perpetuate between those poor innocent fellows, John Doe and Richard Roe! How many times (God forgive me!) have I set them to assault each other with guns, swords, staves and pitch-forks, and then brought them to answer for their misdeeds before Our Sovereign Lord the King seated in His Court of Westminster! When I think of the *saids* and *soforths* and the counts of tautology that I scribbled over; when I think of those sheets of seventy-two words, and those lines two inches a part, my brain turns. Gracious heaven! if I am doomed to be wretched, bury me beneath Iceland snows, and let me feed on blubber; stretch me under the burning line and deny me thy propitious dews; nay, if it be thy will, suffocate me with the infected and

peſtilential air of a democratic club room; but ſave me from the deſk of an attorney!

Mr. Holland was but little in the chambers himſelf. He always went out to dinner, while I was left to be provided for by the *Laundreſs*, as he called her. Thoſe gentlemen of the law, who have reſided in the Inns of court in London, know very well what a *Laundreſs* means. Ours was, I believe, the oldeſt and ugliеſt of the officious ſiſterhood. She had age and experience enough to be Lady Abbeſs of all the nuns in all the convents of Iriſh-Town. It would be wronging the witch of Endor to compare her to this hag, who was the only creature that deigned to enter into converſation with me. All except the name, I was in priſon, and this Weird Siſter was my keeper. Our chambers were, to me, what the ſubterraneous cavern was to Gil Blas: his deſcription of the Dame Leonarda exactly ſuited my Laundreſs; nor were the profeſſions, or rather the practice, of our maſters altogether diſſimilar.

I never quitted this gloomy receſs except on Sundays, when I uſually took a walk to St. James's Park, to feaſt my eyes with the ſight of the trees, the graſs, and the water. In one of theſe walks I happened to caſt my eye on an advertiſement, inviting all loyal young men, who had a mind to gain riches and glory, to repair to a certain rendezvous, where they might enter into His Majeſty's marine ſervice, and have the peculiar happineſs and honour of being enrolled in the Chatham Diviſion. I was not ignorant enough to be the dupe of this morſel of military bombaſt; but a change was what I wanted: beſides, I knew that marines went to ſea, and my deſire to be on that element had rather increaſed than diminiſhed by my being penned up in London. In ſhort, I reſolved to join this glorious corps; and, to avoid all poſſibility of being diſcovered by my friends, I went down to Chatham and enliſted, into the marines as I thought, but the next

morning I found myſelf before a Captain of a marching regiment. There was no retreating: I had taken a ſhilling to drink his Majeſty's health, and his further bounty was ready for my reception.

When I told the Captain (who was an Iriſhman, and who has ſince been an excellent friend to me,) that I thought myſelf engaged in the marines: "By "Jaſes, my lad," ſaid he, "and you have had a "narrow eſcape." He told me, that the regiment into which I had been ſo happy as to enliſt, was one of the oldeſt and boldeſt in the whole army, and that it was at that moment ſerving in that fine, flouriſhing and plentiful country, Nova Scotia. He dwelt long on the beauties and riches of this terreſtrial Paradiſe, and diſmiſſed me, perfectly enchanted with the proſpect of a voyage thither.

I enliſted early in 1784, and, as peace had then taken place, no great haſte was made to ſend recruits off to their regiments. I remained upwards of a year at Chatham, during which time I was employed in learning my exerciſe, and taking my tour in the duty of the garriſon. My leiſure time, which was a very conſiderable portion of the twenty-four hours, was ſpent, not in the diſſipations common to ſuch a way of life, but in reading and ſtudy. In the courſe of this year I learnt more than I had ever done before. I ſubſcribed to a circulating library at Brompton, the greateſt part of the books in which I read more than once over. The library was not very conſiderable, it is true, nor in my reading was I directed by any degree of taſte or choice. Novels, plays, hiſtory, poetry, all were read, and nearly with equal avidity.

Such a courſe of reading could be attended with but little profit: it was ſkimming over the ſurface of every thing. One branch of learning, however, I went to the bottom with, and that the moſt eſſential branch too, the grammar of my mother tongue. I had experienced the want of a knowledge

of grammar during my ſtay with Mr. Holland; but it is very probable that I never ſhould have thought of encountering the ſtudy of it, had not accident placed me under a man whoſe friendſhip extended beyond his intereſt. Writing a fair hand procured me the honour of being copyiſt to Colonel Debieg, the commandant of the garriſon. I tranſcribed the famous correſpondence between him and the Duke of Richmond, which ended in the good and gallant old Colonel being ſtripped of the reward, beſtowed on him for his long and meritorious ſervitude.

Being totally ignorant of the rules of grammar, I neceſſarily made many miſtakes in copying, becauſe no one can copy letter by letter, nor even word by word. The Colonel ſaw my deficiency, and ſtrongly recommended ſtudy. He enforced his advice with a ſort of injunction, and with a promiſe of reward in caſe of ſucceſs.

I procured me a Lowth's grammar, and applied myſelf to the ſtudy of it with unceaſing aſſiduity, and not without ſome profit; for, though it was a conſiderable time before I fully comprehended all that I read, ſtill I read and ſtudied with ſuch unremitted attention, that, at laſt, I could write without falling into any very groſs errors. The pains I took cannot be deſcribed: I wrote the whole grammar out two or three times; I got it by heart; I repeated it every morning and every evening, and, when on guard, I impoſed on myſelf the taſk of ſaying it all over once every time I was poſted ſentinel. To this exerciſe of my memory I aſcribe the retentiveneſs of which I have ſince found it capable, and to the ſucceſs with which it was attended, I aſcribe the perſeverance that has led to the acquirement of the little learning of which I am maſter.

This ſtudy was, too, attended with another advantage: it kept me out of miſchief. I was always ſober, and regular in my attendance; and, not being

a clumsy fellow, I met with none of those reproofs, which disgust so many young men with the service.

There is no situation where merit is so sure to meet with reward as in a well disciplined army. Those who command are obliged to reward it for their own ease and credit. I was soon raised to the rank of corporal, a rank, which, however contemptible it may appear in some people's eyes, brought me in a clear two-pence *per diem*, and put a very clever worsted knot upon my shoulder too. Don't you laugh now, Mr. Swanwick; a worsted knot is a much more honourable mark of distinction than a *Custom-House badge*; though, I confess, the king must have such people as Tide-waiters as well as corporals.

As promotion began to dawn, I grew impatient to get to my regiment, where I expected soon to bask under the rays of Royal favour. The happy day of departure at last came: we set sail from Gravesend, and, after a short and pleasant passage, arrived at Halifax in Nova Scotia. When I first beheld the barren, not to say hideous, rocks at the entrance of the harbour, I began to fear that the master of the vessel had mistaken his way; for I could perceive nothing of that fertility that my good recruiting Captain had dwelt on with so much delight.

Nova Scotia had no other charm for me than that of novelty. Every thing I saw was new: bogs, rocks and stumps, musquitoes and bull-frogs. Thousands of Captains and Colonels without soldiers, and of 'Squires without stockings or shoes. In England, I had never thought of approaching a 'Squire without a most respectful bow; but, in this new world, though I was but a Corporal, I often ordered a 'Squire to bring me a glass of grog, and even to take care of my knapsack.

We staid but a few weeks in Nova Scotia, being ordered to St. John's, in the province of New Brunswick. Here, and at other places in the same pro-

vince, we remained till the month of September, 1791, when the regiment was relieved and ſent home.

We landed at Portſmouth on the 3d of November, and on the 19th of the next month I obtained my diſcharge, after having ſerved not quite eight years, and after having, in that ſhort ſpace, paſſed through every rank, from that of a private ſentinel to that of Sergeant Major, without ever being once diſgraced, confined, or even reprimanded.—But let my ſuperiors ſpeak for me, they will tell my friends and all my readers what I was during my ſervitude.

" *By the Right Honourable Major Lord Edward*
" *Fitzgerald, commanding his Majeſty's 54th Regi-*
" *ment of Foot, whereof Lieutenant General Frederick*
" *is Colonel,*"

" THESE are to certify, that the Bearer hereof,
" WILLIAM COBBETT, Sergeant Major in the afore-
" ſaid regiment, has ſerved honeſtly and faithfully
" for the ſpace of eight years, nearly ſeven of which
" he has been a non-commiſſioned officer, and of
" that time he has been five years Sergeant Major
" to the regiment; but having very earneſtly applied
" for his diſcharge, he, in conſideration of his good
" behaviour and the ſervices he has rendered the
" regiment, is hereby diſcharged.

" Given under my hand and the ſeal of the
" regiment, at Portſmouth, this 19th day
" of December, 1791.

" EDWARD FITZGERALD."

I ſhall here add the orders, iſſued in the garriſon of Portſmouth on the day of my diſcharge.

" Portſmouth, 19th Dec. 1791.

" Sergeant Major Cobbett having moſt preſſingly
" applied for his diſcharge, at Major Lord Edward
" Fitzgerald's requeſt, General Frederick has grant-

" ed it. General Frederick has ordered Major " Lord Edward Fitzgerald to return the Sergeant " Major thanks for his behaviour and conduct dur- " ing the time of his being in the regiment, and " Major Lord Edward adds his moſt hearty thanks " to thoſe of the General."

After having laid theſe pieces before my reader, I beg him to recollect what the *Argus* of New York and the *Aurora* of Philadelphia have aſſerted concerning Peter Porcupine's being flogged in his regiment for thieving, and afterwards deſerting. The monſtrous, diſorganizing, democratic gang were not aware that I was in poſſeſſion of ſuch uncontrovertible proofs as theſe.

I hope, I may preſume that my character will be looked upon as good, down to the date of my diſcharge; and, if ſo, it only remains for me to give an account of myſelf from that time to this.

The democrats have aſſerted, as may be ſeen in the preface, that I got my living in London by " garret ſcribbling," and that I was obliged to take a *French Leave* for France, for ſome " *night work*." Now, the fact is, I went to France in March, 1792, and I landed at New York in the month of October following; ſo that, I had but three months to follow " garret ſcribbling" in London. How theſe three months were employed it is not neceſſary to ſay here, but that I had not much leiſure for " garret-ſcrib- " bling" the ladies will be well convinced, when I tell them that I got a wife in the time. As to the charge concerning " night work," I am afraid I muſt plead guilty, but not with my " fingers," as theſe malicious fellows would inſinuate. No, no, I am no relation to Citizen *Plato*: the French ladies do not call me, the *Garçon Fendu*.

Before I go any further, it ſeems neceſſary to ſay a word or two about " French Leave." Did this expreſſion eſcape the Democrats in an unwary mo-

ment? Why "French Leave?" Do they wiſh to inſinuate, that nobody but *Frenchmen* are obliged to fly from the hands of thief-catchers? The Germans, and after them the Engliſh, have applied this degrading expreſſion to the French nation: but, is it not inconſiſtent, and even ungrateful, for thoſe who are in the intereſt, and perhaps in the pay, of that magnanimous republic, to talk about "French Leave?" It is ſomething curious that this expreſſion ſhould find a place in a paragraph wherein I am accuſed of abuſing the French. The fact is, the friendſhip profeſſed by theſe people, towards the French nation, is all grimace, all hypocriſy: the moment they are off their guard, they let us ſee that it is the abominable ſyſtem of French tyranny that they are attached to, and not to the people of that country.—"French Leave!" The leave of a *runaway*, a *thief*, a *Tom Paine!* What could the moſt prejudiced, the bittereſt Engliſhman have ſaid more galling and ſevere againſt the whole French nation? They cry out againſt me for "*abuſing*" the cut-throats of Nantz and other places, and for accuſing the demagogue-tyrants of robbery; while they themſelves treat the whole nation as thieves. This is the democratic way of waſhing out ſtains; juſt as the ſweet and cleanly Sheelah waſhes her gentle Dermot's face with a diſhclout.

Leaving the ingenious citizens to extricate themſelves from this hobble, or fall under the diſpleaſure of their maſters, I ſhall return to my adventures.—I arrived in France in March, 1792, and continued there till the beginning of September following, the ſix happieſt months of my life. I ſhould be the moſt ungrateful monſter that ever exiſted, were I to ſpeak ill of the French people in general. I went to that country full of all thoſe prejudices, that Engliſhmen ſuck in with their mother's milk, againſt the French and againſt their religion: a few weeks convinced me that I had been deceived with reſpect to both. I met every where with civility, and even hoſpitality, in a

degree that I never had been accuſtomed to. I found the people, among whom I lived, excepting thoſe who were already blaſted with the principles of the accurſed revolution, honeſt, pious, and kind to exceſs.

People may ſay what they pleaſe about the miſery of the French peaſantry, under the old government; I have converſed with thouſands of them, not ten among whom did not regret the change. I have not room here to go into an inquiry into the cauſes that have led theſe people to become the paſſive inſtruments, the ſlaves, of a ſet of tyrants ſuch as the world never ſaw before, but I venture to predict, that, ſooner or later, they will return to that form of government under which they were happy, and under which alone they can ever be ſo again.

My determination to ſettle in the United States was formed before I went to France, and even before I quitted the army. A deſire of ſeeing a country, ſo long the theatre of a war of which I had heard and read ſo much; the flattering picture given of it by Raynal; and, above all, an inclination for ſeeing the world, led me to this determination. It would look a little like coaxing for me to ſay, that I had imbibed principles of republicaniſm, and that I was ambitious to become a citizen of a free ſtate, but this was really the caſe. I thought that men enjoyed here a greater degree of liberty than in England; and this, if not the principal reaſon, was at leaſt one, for my coming to this country.

I did intend to ſtay in France till the ſpring of 1793, as well to perfect myſelf in the language, as to paſs the winter at Paris; but I perceived the ſtorm gathering; I ſaw that a war with England was inevitable, and it was not difficult to foreſee what would be the fate of Engliſhmen, in that country, where the rulers had laid aſide even the appearance of juſtice and mercy. I wiſhed, however, to ſee Paris,

and had actually hired a coach to go thither. I was even on the way, when I heard, at Abbeville, that the king was dethroned and his guards murdered. This intelligence made me turn off towards Havre de Grace, whence I embarked for America.

I beg leave here to remind the reader, that one of the lying paragraphs, lately publiſhed in the lying *Aurora*, ſtates, that I was whipped at Paris, and that hence I bear a grudge againſt the French Republic. Now, I never was at Paris, as I can prove by the receipts for my board and lodging, from the day I entered France to that of my leaving it; and, as to the Republic, as it is called, I could have no grudge againſt it; for the tyrants had not given it that name, when I was ſo happy as to bid it an eternal adieu. Had I remained a few months longer, I make no doubt that I ſhould have had reaſon to execrate it as every other man, woman, and child has, who has had the misfortune to groan under its iron anarchy.

Some little time after my arrival in this country, I ſent Mr. Jefferſon, then Secretary of State, a letter of recommendation, which I had brought from the American Ambaſſador at the Hague. The following is a copy of the letter Mr. Jefferſon wrote me on that occaſion.-

" Philadelphia, Nov. 5th, 1792.

" Sir,

" In acknowledging the receipt of your favour " of the 2d inſtant, I wiſh it were in my power to " announce to you any way in which I could be " uſeful to you. Mr. Short's aſſurances of your " merit would be a ſufficient inducement to me. " Public Offices in our government are ſo few, and " of ſo little value, as to offer no reſource to talents. " When you ſhall have been here ſome ſmall time, " you will be able to judge in what way you can

" ſet out with the beſt proſpect of ſucceſs, and if I " can ſerve you in it, I ſhall be very ready to do it.

" I am, Sir,

" Your very humble ſervant,

" TH. JEFFERSON."

I will juſt obſerve on this letter, that it was thankfully received, and that, had I ſtood in need of Mr. Jefferſon's ſervices, I ſhould have applied to him; but as that did not appear likely to be the caſe, I wrote him a letter ſome few months afterwards, requeſting him to aſſiſt a poor man, the bearer of it, and telling him that I ſhould look upon the aſſiſtance as given to myſelf. I dare ſay he complied with my requeſt, for the perſon recommended was in deep diſtreſs, and a *Frenchman*.

With reſpect to the authenticity of this letter there can be no doubt. I have ſhown the original, as well as thoſe of the other documents here tranſcribed, to more than fifty gentlemen of the city of Philadelphia, and they may, at any time, be ſeen by any perſon of credit, who wiſhes a ſight of them.—Nor have I confined the peruſal of them to thoſe who have the misfortune to be deemed ariſtocrats. Among perſons of diſtant places, I have ſhown them to Mr. *Ketlatas* of New York, who, I muſt do him the juſtice to ſay, had the candour to expreſs a becoming deteſtation of the baſe cut-throat author of the threatening letter ſent to Mr. Oldden.

I have now brought myſelf to the United States, and have enabled the reader to judge of me ſo far. It remains for me to negative two aſſertions which apply to my authoring tranſactions; the one is, that " Mr. Bradford *put a coat upon my back;*" and the other, that I am, or have been, " in the pay of a " Britiſh Agent."

In the month of July, 1794, the famous Unitarian Doctor, fellow of the *Royal* Society, London,

citizen of France, and delegate to the *Grande Convention Nationale* of notorious memory, landed at New-York. His landing was nothing to me, nor to any body elſe; but the fulſome and conſequential addreſſes, ſent him by the pretended patriots, and his canting replies, at once calculated to flatter the people here, and to degrade his country and mine, was ſomething to me. It was my buſineſs, and the buſineſs of every man who thinks that truth ought to be oppoſed to malice and hypocriſy.

When the *Obſervations* on the Emigration of this "martyr to the cauſe of liberty" were ready for the preſs, I did not, at firſt, offer them to Mr. Bradford. I knew him to retain a rooted hatred againſt Great Britain, and concluded, that his principles would prevent him from being inſtrumental in the publication of any thing that tended to unveil one of of its moſt bitter enemies. I therefore addreſſed myſelf to Mr. Carey. This was, to make uſe of a culinary figure, jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. Mr. Carey received me as bookſellers generally receive authors (I mean authors whom they hope to get but little by): he looked at the title from top to bottom, and then at me from head to foot.—"No, "*my lad*," ſays he, "I don't think it will ſuit."—*My lad!*—God in heaven forgive me! I believe that, at that moment, I wiſhed for another yellow fever to ſtrike the city; not to deſtroy the inhabitants, but to furniſh me too with *the ſubject of a pamphlet*, that might make me rich.—Mr. Carey has ſold hundreds of the *Obſervations* ſince that time, and therefore, I dare ſay he highly approved of them, when he came to a peruſal. At any rate, I muſt not forget to ſay, that he behaved honourably in the buſineſs; for, he promiſed not to make known the author, and he certainly kept his word, or the diſcovery would not have been reſerved for the month of June, 1796. This circumſtance, conſidering Mr. Carey's politics, is greatly to his honour, and has almoſt wiped from my memory that contumelious "*my lad*."

From Mr. Carey I went to Mr. Bradford, and left the pamphlet for his perusal. The next day I went to him to know his determination. He hesitated, wanted to know if I could not make it a little *more popular*, adding that, unless I could, he feared that the publishing of it would endanger *his windows*. *More popular* I could not make it. I never was of an accommodating disposition in my life. The only alteration I would consent to was in the title. I had given the pamphlet the double title of "*The Tar-*" "*tuffe Detected*; or, *Observations*, &c." The former was suppressed, though, had I not been pretty certain that every press in the city was as little free as that to which I was sending it, the *Tartuffe Detected* should have remained; for the person on whom it was bestowed merited it much better than the character so named by Moliére.

These difficulties, and these fears of the bookseller, at once opened my eyes with respect to the boasted liberty of the press. Because the laws of this country proclaim to the world, that every man may write and publish freely, and because I saw the newspapers filled with vaunts on the subject, I was fool enough to imagine that the press was really free for every one. I had not the least idea, that a man's windows were in danger of being broken, if he published any thing that was *not popular*. I did, indeed, see the words *liberty* and *equality*, the *rights of man*, the *crimes of kings*, and such like, in most of the booksellers windows; but I did not know that they were put there to save the glass, as a free republican Frenchman puts a cockade tricolor in his hat to save his head. I was ignorant of all these *arcana* of the liberty of the press.

If it had so happened that one of the Whiskey-Boys had went over to England, and had received addresses from any part of the people there, congratulating him on his escape from a nation of ruffians, and beseeching the Lord that those ruffians might

" tread back the paths of *infamy* and *ruin;*" and if this emigrating " *Martyr*" in the cauſe of Whiſkey had echoed back the hypocritical cant, and if he and all his palavering addreſſers had been detected and expoſed by ſome good American, in London, would not ſuch an American have received the applauſe of all men of virtue and ſenſe? And what would, or rather what would not, have been ſaid here againſt the proſtituted preſs of Great Britain, had an Engliſh bookſeller teſtified his fears to publiſh the truth, leſt his windows ſhould be daſhed in?

The work that it was feared would draw down puniſhment on the publiſher, did not contain one untruth, one anarchical, indecent, immoral, or irreligious expreſſion; and yet the bookſeller feared for his windows! For what? Becauſe it was not *popular enough*. A bookſeller in a *deſpotic* ſtate fears to publiſh a work that is *too popular*, and one in a *free* ſtate fears to publiſh a work that is not *popular enough*. I leave it to the learned philoſophers of the " Age " of Reaſon" to determine in which of theſe ſtates there is the moſt liberty of the preſs; for, I muſt acknowledge, the point is too nice for me: fear is fear, whether inſpired by a Sovereign Lord the King, or by a Sovereign People.

I ſhall be told, that Mr. Bradford's fears were groundleſs. It may be ſo; but he ought to be a competent judge of the matter; he muſt know the extent of the liberty of the preſs better than I could. He might be miſtaken, but that he was ſincere appeared clearly from his not putting his name at the bottom of the title-page. Even the *Bone to Gnaw for the Democrats*, which did not appear till about ſix months afterwards, was " Publiſhed for the Pur- " chaſers." It was not till long after the public had fixed the ſeal of approbation on theſe pamphlets, that they were honoured with the bookſeller's name. It was ſomething curious that the ſecond and third and fourth editions ſhould be entitled to a mark of re-

ſpect that the firſt was not worthy of. Poor little innocents! They were thrown on the pariſh like foundlings; no ſoul would own them, till it was found that they poſſeſſed the gift of bringing in the pence. Another ſingularity is, they got into better paper as they advanced. So the prudent matron changes the little dirty ragged wench into a fine mademoiſelle, as ſoon as ſhe perceives that the beaux begin to caſt their eyes on her.

But, it is time to return, and give the reader an account of my gains. The pecuniary concerns of an author are always the moſt intereſting.

The terms on which Mr. Bradford took the *Obſervations*, were what bookſellers call *publiſhing it together*. I beg the reader, if he foreſees the poſſibility of his becoming author, to recollect this phraſe well. *Publiſhing it together* is thus managed: the bookſeller takes the work, prints it, and defrays all expenſes of paper, binding, &c. and the profits, if any, are divided between him and the author.——Long after the Obſervations were ſold off, Mr. Bradford rendered me an account (undoubtedly a very juſt one) of the ſales. According to this account, my ſhare of the profits (my ſhare only) amounted to the ſum of *one ſhilling and ſeven-pence half-penny*, currency of the ſtate of Pennſylvania (or, about eleven-pence three farthings ſterling), quite entirely clear of all deductions whatſoever!

Now, bulky as this ſum appears in words at length, I preſume, that when 1/7½ is reduced to figures, no one will ſuppoſe it ſufficient to put a coat upon my back. If my poor back were not too broad to be clothed with ſuch a ſum as this, God knows how I ſhould bear all that has been, and is, and is to be, laid on it by the unmerciful democrats. Why! 1/7½ would not cover the back of a Lilliputian! no, not even in rags, as they ſell here.

Beſides, this clothing ſtory will at once fall to the ground, when I aſſure the reader (and Mr. Carey will

bear witneſs to the truth of what I ſay,) that, when I offered this work for publication, I had as good a coat upon my back, as ever Mr. Bradford or any of his brother bookſellers put on in their lives; and, what is more, this coat was my own. No tailor nor ſhoemaker ever had my name in his books.

After the *Obſervations*, Mr. Bradford and I *publiſhed it together* no longer. When a pamphlet was ready for the preſs, we made a bargain for it, and I took his note of hand, payable in one, two, or three months. That the public may know exactly what gains I have derived from the publications that iſſued from Mr. Bradford's, I here ſubjoin a liſt of them, and the ſums received in payment.

	Dols.	Cents.
Obſervations - - -	0	21
Bone to Gnaw, 1ſt part -	125	0
Kick for a Bite - - -	20	0
Bone to Gnaw, 2d part -	40	0
Plain Engliſh - - -	100	0
New Year's Gift - -	100	0
Proſpect - - -	18	0
Total	403	21

The beſt way of giving the reader an idea of the generoſity of my bookſeller, is, to tell him, that upon my going into buſineſs for myſelf, I offered to purchaſe the copy-rights of theſe pamphlets at the ſame price that I had ſold them at. Mr. Bradford's refuſing to ſell, is a clear proof that they were worth more than he gave me, even after they had paſſed through ſeveral editions. Let it not be ſaid, then, that he put a coat upon my back.

My concerns with Mr. Bradford cloſed with *The Proſpect from the Congreſs-Gallery*, and, as our ſeparation has given riſe to conjectures and reports, I

ſhall trouble the reader with an explanation of the matter.

I propoſed making a mere collection of the debates, with here and there a note by way of remarks. It was not my intention to publiſh it in numbers, but at the end of the ſeſſion, in one volume; but Mr. Bradford, fearing a want of ſucceſs in this form, dedermined on publiſhing in numbers. This was without my approbation, as was alſo a ſubſcription that was opened for the ſupport of the work. When about half a number was finiſhed, I was informed that many gentlemen had expreſſed their deſire, that the work might contain a good deal of original matter, and few debates. In conſequence of this, I was requeſted to alter my plan; I ſaid I would, but that I would by no means undertake to continue the work.

The firſt Number, as it was called (but not by me,) was publiſhed, and its ſucceſs led Mr. Bradford to preſs for a continuation. His ſon offered me, I believe, a hundred dollars a Number, in place of eighteen; and, I ſhould have accepted the offer, had it not been for a word that eſcaped him during the converſation. He obſerved, that their cuſtomers would be much diſappointed, for that, his *father had promiſed* a continuation, and *that it ſhould be made very intereſting*. This ſlip of the tongue, opened my eyes at once. What! a bookſeller undertake to promiſe that I ſhould write, and that I ſhould write to pleaſe his cuſtomers too! No; if all his *cuſtomers*, if all the Congreſs, with the Preſident at their head, had come and ſolicited me; nay, had my life depended on a compliance, I would not have written another line.

I was fully employed at this time, having a tranſlation on my hands for Mr. Moreau de St. Mery, as well as another work which took up a great deal of my time; ſo that, I believe, I ſhould not have publiſhed the *Cenſor*, had it not been to

convince the *cuſtomers* of Mr. Bradford, that I was not in his pay; that I was not the puppet and he the ſhow-man. That, whatever merits or demerits my writings might have, no part of them fell to his ſhare.

When Mr. Bradford found I was preparing to publiſh a continuation of the remarks on the debates, he ſent me the following note:

" Sir,

" Send me your account and a receipt for the " laſt publication, and your money ſhall be ſent " you by

" Yours, &c.

" THO. BRADFORD.

" Phila. April 22, 1796."

To this I returned, for anſwer.

" Philadelphia, 22d March, 1796.

" Sir,

" I have the honour to poſſeſs your lacomic note; " but, upon my word, I do not underſtand it. The " requeſting of a receipt from a perſon, before " any tender of money is made, and the note " being dated in April in place of March; theſe " things throw ſuch an obſcurity over the whole, " that I defer complying with its contents, till I " have the pleaſure of ſeeing yourſelf.

" I am,

" Your moſt obedient

" Humble ſervant,

" WM. COBBETT."

This brought me a second note, in these words:

"Sir,

"Finding you mean to pursue the *Prospect*, which "you sold to me, I now make a demand of the *ful-* "*filment* of your contract, and if honour does not "prompt you to *fulfil* your engagements, you "may rely on an *application* to the laws of my "country, and make no doubt I shall there meet "you on such grounds as will convince you I "am not to be trifled with.

"I am,

"Yours, &c.

"THO. BRADFORD."

"March 22, 1796.

Here ended the correspondence, except that it might be said to be continued for about five minutes longer by the hearty laugh, that I bestowed on this *correct* and polite billet.

It is something truly singular, that Mr. Bradford should threaten me with a prosecution for not writing, just at the moment that others threatened me with a prosecution for writing. It seemed a little difficult to set both at open defiance, yet this was done, by continuing to write, and by employing another bookseller.

Indeed these booksellers in general are a cruel race. They imagine that the soul and body of every author that falls into their hands, is their exclusive property. They have adopted the bird-catcher's maxim: "a bird that can sing, and wont sing, ought to be made sing." Whenever their devils are out of employment, the drudging goblin of an author must sharpen up his pen, and never think of repose till he is relieved by the arrival of a more profitable job. Then the wretch may remain as un-

diſturbed as a ſleep-mouſe in winter, while the ſtupid dolt whom he has clad and fattened, receives the applauſe.

I now come to the aſſertion, that I am, or have been, in the pay of the Britiſh government.

In the firſt place, the democrats ſwear that I have been "frequently viſited by a certain Agent," meaning I ſuppoſe Mr. Bond: to this I anſwer, that it is an abominable lie. I never ſaw Mr. Bond but three times in my life, and then I had buſineſs with him as the interpreter of Frenchmen, who wanted certificates from him, in order to ſecure their property in the conquered colonies. I never in my life ſpoke to, correſponded with, or even ſaw, to my knowledge, either of the Britiſh Miniſters, or any one of their retinue. Mr. Bradford once told me, that Mr. Allen, the father-in-law of Mr. Hammond, ſaid he was acquainted with me. If this gentleman did really ſay ſo, he joked, or he told a lie; for he never ſaw me in his life, that I know of.

A little while after the New Year's Gift was publiſhed, an attack was made in the *Argus* of New York, on the ſuppoſed author of it; in conſequence of which, this ſuppoſed author, or ſome one in his behalf, took occaſion to obſerve in Mr. Claypoole's paper, that it was uncandid to attribute to a gentleman of irreproachable character, what was well known to be the work of a democrat. I had a great mind to ſay at that time, what I ſhall now ſay; and that is, that let this gentleman be who he will, I think myſelf as good as he, and of as good a character too; and that, as to the diſhonour attached to the publication, I am willing to take it all to myſelf.

It is hard to prove a negative; it is what no man is expected to do; yet, I think I can prove, that the accuſation of my being in Britiſh pay is not ſupported by one ſingle fact, or the leaſt ſhadow of probability.

When a foreign government hires a writer, it takes care that his labours ſhall be diſtributed, whether the readers are all willing to pay for them or not. This we daily ſee verified in the diſtribution of certain blaſphemous gazettes, which, though kicked from the door with diſdain, flies in at the window. Now, has this ever been the caſe with the works of Peter Porcupine? Were they ever thruſted upon people in ſpite of their remonſtrances? Can Mr. Bradford ſay that thouſands of theſe pamphlets have ever been paid for by any agent of Great Britain? Can he ſay that I have ever diſtributed any of them? No; he can ſay no ſuch thing. They had, at firſt, to encounter every difficulty, and they have made their way ſupported by public approbation, and by that alone. Mr. Bradford, if he is candid enough to repeat what he told me, will ſay, that the Britiſh Conſul, when he purchaſed half a dozen of them, inſiſted upon having them *at the wholeſale price!* Did this look like a deſire to encourage them? Beſides, thoſe who know any thing of Mr. Bradford, will never believe, that he would have lent his aid to a Britiſh Agent's publications; for, of all the Americans I have yet converſed with, he ſeems to entertain the greateſt degree of rancour againſt that nation.

I have every reaſon to believe, that the Britiſh Conſul was far from approving of ſome, at leaſt, of my publications. I happened to be in a bookſeller's ſhop, unſeen by him, when he had the goodneſs to ſay, that I was a "*wild fellow.*" On which I ſhall only obſerve, that when the King beſtows on me about five hundred pounds ſterling a year, perhaps, I may become a *tame fellow*, and hear my maſter, my countrymen, my friends and my parents, belied and execrated, without ſaying one ſingle word in their defence.

Had the Miniſter of Great Britain employed me to write, can it be ſuppoſed that he would not furniſh me with the means of living well, without be-

coming the retailer of my own works? Can it be ſuppoſed that he would have ſuffered me ever to appear on the ſcene? It muſt be a very poor king that he ſerves, if he could not afford me more than I can get by keeping a book-ſhop. An Ambaſſador from a king of the Gypſies could not have acted a meaner part. What! where was all the "gold of Pitt?" That gold which tempted, according to the democrats, an American Envoy to ſell his country, and two-thirds of the Senate to ratify the bargain: that gold which, according to the Convention of France, has made one half of that nation cut the throats of the other half; that potent gold could not keep Peter Porcupine from ſtanding behind a counter to ſell a pen-knife, or a quire of paper!

Muſt it not be evident, too, that the keeping of a ſhop would take up a great part of my time? Time that was hardly worth a paying for at all, if it was not of higher value than the profits on a few pamphlets. Every one knows that the Cenſor has been delayed on account of my entering on buſineſs; would the Miniſter of Great Britain have ſuffered this, had I been in his pay? No; I repeat, that it is downright ſtupidity to ſuppoſe, that he would ever have ſuffered me to appear at all, had he even felt in the leaſt intereſted in the fate of my works, or the effect they might produce. He muſt be ſenſible, that, ſeeing the unconquerable prejudices exiſting in this country, my being known to be an Engliſhman would operate weightily againſt whatever I might advance. I ſaw this very plainly myſelf; but, as I had a living to get, and as I had determined on this line of buſineſs, ſuch a conſideration was not to awe me into idleneſs, or make me forego any other advantages that I had reaſon to hope I ſhould enjoy.

The notion of my being in Britiſh pay aroſe from my having now-and-then taken upon me to attempt a defence of the character of that nation, and of the intentions of its government towards the United

States. But, have I ever teazed my readers with this, except when the ſubject neceſſarily demanded it? And if I have given way to my indignation when a hypocritical political divine attempted to degrade my country, or when its vile calumniators called it "an inſular Baſtile," what have I done more than every good man in my place would have done? What have I done more than my duty; than obeyed the feelings of my heart? When a man hears his country reviled, does it require that he ſhould be paid for ſpeaking in its defence?

Beſides, had my works been intended to introduce Britiſh influence, they would have aſſumed a more conciliating tone. The author would have flattered the people of this country, even in their exceſſes; he would have endeavoured to gain over the enemies of Britain by ſmooth and ſoothing language; he would have "ſtooped to conquer;" he would not, as I have done, rendered them hatred for hatred, and ſcorn for ſcorn.

My writings, the firſt pamphlet excepted, have had no other object than that of keeping alive an attachment to the Conſtitution of the United States and the ineſtimable man who is at the head of the government, and to paint in their true colours thoſe who are the enemies of both; to warn the people, of all ranks and deſcriptions, of the danger of admitting among them, the anarchical and blaſphemous principles of the French revolutioniſts, principles as oppoſite to thoſe of liberty as hell is to heaven. If, therefore, I have written at the inſtance of a Britiſh agent, that agent muſt moſt certainly deſerve the thanks of all the real friends of America. But, ſay ſome of the half democrats, what right have you to meddle with the defence of our government at all? —The ſame right that you have to exact my obedience to it, and my contribution towards its ſupport. Several Engliſhmen, not ſo long in the country as I had been, ſerved in the militia againſt the weſtern

rebels, and, had I been called on, I muſt have ſerved too. Surely a man has a right to defend with his pen, that which he may be compelled to defend with a muſquet.

As to the real, bloody, cut-throats, they carry their notion of excluding me from the uſe of the preſs ſtill farther. "While" (ſays one of them) "While "I am a friend to the *unlimited* freedom of the preſs, "when exerciſed by *an American*, I am an implac- "able foe to its proſtitution to a *foreigner*, and would "at any time aſſiſt in hunting out of ſociety, any "meddling foreigner who ſhould dare to interfere "in our politics. I hope the apathy of our *brethren* "of Philadelphia will no longer be indulged, and "and that an exemplary *vengeance* will ſoon burſt "upon the head of ſuch a preſumptuous fellow.—— "*Juſtice*, *honour*, national *gratitude*, all call for it. "——May it no longer be delayed.

"*An American.*"

Are not you, Mr. Swanwick, the Preſident of the Emigration Society? Well, then, Sir, as your inſtitution is ſaid to be for the information of perſons emigrating from foreign countries, be ſo good as to inſert the little extract, above quoted, in your next diſpatches for a cargo of emigrants. Above all, Sir, be ſure to tell thoſe who are diſpoſed to emigrate from England, thoſe martyrs in the cauſe of liberty; be ſure to tell them that this is the land of *equal* liberty; that here, and here alone, they will find the true unlimited freedom of the preſs, but that, if they dare to make uſe of it, "*juſtice*, *honour*, national "*gratitude*, will call for exemplary *vengeance* on "their heads."

I ſhould not have noticed this diſtinction between *foreigners* and *Americans*, had I not perceived, that ſeveral perſons, who are, generally ſpeaking, friends to their country, ſeem to think that it was impertinent in me to meddle with the politics here, becauſe

I was an Engliſhman. I would have theſe good people to recollect, that the laws of this country hold out, to foreigners, an offer of all that liberty of the preſs which Americans enjoy, and that, if this liberty be abridged, by whatever means it may be done, the laws and the conſtitution and all together is a mere cheat; a ſnare to catch the credulous and enthuſiaſtic of every other nation; a downright impoſition on the world. If people who emigrate hither have not a right to make uſe of the liberty of the preſs, while the natives have, it is very ill done to call this a country of *equal* liberty. *Equal*, above all epithets, is the moſt improper that can be applied to it; for, if none but Americans have acceſs to the preſs, they are the maſters and foreigners are their ſubjects, nay their ſlaves. An honourable and comfortable ſituation upon my word! The emigrants from ſome countries may be content with it, perhaps: I would not ſay, that the "Martyrs in the cauſe of li-"berty" from England, would not quietly bend beneath the yoke, as, indeed, they are in duty bound to do; but, for my part, who have not the ambition to aſpire to the crown of martyrdom, I muſt and I will be excuſed. Either the laws ſhall be altered, or I will continue to avail myſelf of the liberty that they held out to me, and that partly tempted me to the country. When an act is paſſed for excluding Engliſhmen from exerciſing their talents, and from promulgating what they write, then will I deſiſt; but, I hope, when that time arrives, no act will be paſſed to prevent people from emigrating back again.

Before I conclude, it ſeems neceſſary to ſay a word or two about the miſerable ſhift, which the democrats have had recourſe to, reſpecting the infamous letter of *Citizen Hint*. They now pretend, that I fabricated it myſelf, though I have publicly declared, that it was delivered into my hands by a gentleman of reputation, whoſe name I have mentioned. Can any one be ſtupid enough to imagine, that I would,

particularly at this time, have run the riſk of being detected in ſuch a ſhameful buſineſs? And, how could it have been undertaken without running that riſk? Had I written it myſelf, there would have been my hand-writing againſt me, and had I employed another, that other might have betrayed me; he might have ruined me in the opinion of all thoſe, whom it is my intereſt as well as my pride to be eſteemed by; or, at beſt, I ſhould have been at his mercy for ever afterwards.

Beſides the great riſk of detection, let any one point out, if he can, what end I could propoſe to myſelf by ſuch a device. As to making my ſhop and myſelf known, I preſume I did not ſtand in need of a ſcare-crow, to effect that, when the kind democrats themſelves had publiſhed to the whole Union, that I had taken the houſe in which I live, for the purpoſe of retailing my "poiſon," as they called it, and had even had the candour to tell the world, that I had paid my rent in advance *. They affect to believe, ſometimes, that the letter was a mere trick

* It was to Mr. Franklin Bache's creditable and incorruptible Gazette, that I was indebted for this volunteer advertiſement.—This was generous in a declared foe; but thoſe will not be aſtoniſhed at the editor's candour and *tolerating principles*, who are acquainted with the following anecdote.

From the European Magazine, for Sept. 1795. *Page* 156.

"When Voltaire arrived at Paris, an interview took place between him and Franklin. After the firſt compliments, which by the way were more adulative than comported with the character of an American, and above all of a ſtern Republican, the Doctor preſented his grandſon to Voltaire, in ſoliciting for him his *bleſſing*. The philoſopher of impiety reliſhed the pleaſantry; and to render the farce complete, he roſe from his chair, and with a patriarchal

to bring in the pence, and, in one of their lateſt paragraphs, they call me a "catch-penny author." But, let them recollect, that I am now a bookſeller, whoſe trade it is to get money; and if I am driven to ſuch ſhifts as the Scare-Crow, to get a living, let them reconcile this circumſtance with their aſſertions concerning my being liberally paid by Great Britain. A man in Britiſh pay, rolling in "the Gold of Pitt," could certainly never be ſo reduced as to venture every thing for the ſake of collecting a few eleven-penny bits. It is the misfortune of the democrats ever to furniſh arguments againſt themſelves.

Thoſe who reaſon upon the improbability of the democrat's ſending the threatening letter, do not recollect the extract I have above quoted from the *Aurora*, in which the People of Philadelphia are called upon to murder me, and are told, that "*juſtice*, "*honour*, and national *gratitude* demand it." Is it very improbable that men, capable of writing paragraphs like this, ſhould, upon finding the people deaf to their *honourable* inſinuations, attempt to intimidate my landlord by a cut-throat letter?

Their great object is to ſilence me, to this all their endeavours point: lies, threats, ſpies and informers, every engine of Jacobinical invention is played off. I am ſorry to tell them, that it is all in vain, for I am one of thoſe whoſe obſtinacy increaſes with oppoſition.

I have now to apologize to my indulgent reader, for having taken up ſo much of his time with ſubjects relating chiefly to myſelf. The taſk, has to me, been a very diſagreeable one; but it was be-

"air, laid his hands on the head of *the child*, and ſolemnly pro-
"nounced, in a loud voice, theſe three words: *God*, *Liberty*, and
"*Toleration*. All the pious were ſhocked at the American,
"who, they ſaid, burleſqued Religion in aſking the *bleſſing* of
"Voltaire."

come neceſſary, as well for the vindication of my own character as for the ſatisfaction of my friends; yes, in ſpite of envy, malice and falſehood, I ſay, my numerous and reſpectable friends, who, I truſt, will be well pleaſed to find, that there is nothing in the hiſtory of Peter Porcupine to raiſe a bluſh for the commendations they have beſtowed on his works, or to render them unworthy of their future ſupport.

WILL AND TESTAMENT.

SINCE I took up the calling that I now follow, I have received about forty threatening letters; ſome talk of fiſticuff, others of kicks, but far the greater part menace me with out-right murder. Several friends (whom by the bye I ſincerely thank) have called to caution me againſt the lurking cut-throats; and it ſeems to be the perſuaſion of every one, that my brains are to be knocked out the firſt time I venture from home in the dark.

Under theſe terrific circumſtances, it is impoſſible that Death ſhould not ſtare me in the face: I have therefore got myſelf into as good a ſtate of preparation as my ſinful profeſſion will, I am afraid, admit of; and as to my worldly affairs, I have ſettled them in the following WILL, *which I publiſh, in order that my dear friends, the Legatees, may, if they think themſelves injured or neglected, have an opportunity of complaining before it be too late*

IN the name of Fun, Amen. I PETER PORCUPINE, Pamphleteer, and News-Monger, being (as yet) ſound both in body and in mind, do, this fifteenth day of *April*, in the Year of our LORD, one thouſand ſeven hundred and ninety-ſeven, make, declare, and publiſh this my LAST WILL and TESTAMENT, in manner, form, and ſubſtance following; to wit:

IN PRIMIS, I LEAVE my body to Doctor Michael Lieb, a member of the Legiſlature of Pennſylvania, to be by him diſſected (if he knows how to do it) in preſence of the Rump of the Democratic Society. In it they will find a heart that held them in abhorrence, that never palpitated at their threats, and that, to its laſt beat, bade them defiance. But my chief motive for making this bequeſt is, that my ſpirit may look down with contempt on their cannibal-like triumph over a breathleſs corpſe.

Item, As I make no doubt that the above ſaid Doctor Lieb (and ſome other Doctors that I could mention) would like very well to ſkin me, I requeſt that they, or one of

them, may do it, and that the ſaid Lieb's father may tan my ſkin; after which I deſire my Executors to have ſeven copies of my Works complete, bound in it, one copy to be preſented to the five Sultans of France, one to each of their Divans, one to the Governor of Pennſylvania, to citizens Maddiſon, Giles, and Gallatine one each, and the remaining one to the Democratic Society of Philadelphia, to be carefully preſerved among their archieves.

Item, To the Mayor, Aldermen and Councils of the City of Philadelphia, I bequeath all the ſturdy young huckſters, who infeſt the market, and who to maintain their baſtards, tax the honeſt inhabitants many thouſand pounds annually. I requeſt them to take them into their worſhipful keeping; to chaſten their bodies for the good of their ſouls; and moreover, to keep a ſharp look-out after their gallants: and remind the latter of the old proverb: *Touch pot, touch penny.*

Item, To T—— J——ſon, Philoſopher, I leave a curious Norway Spider, with a hundred legs and nine pair of eyes; likewiſe the firſt black cut-throat general he can catch hold of, to be flead alive, in order to determine with more certainty the real cauſe of the dark colour of his ſkin: and ſhould the ſaid T—— J——ſon ſurvive Banneker the Almanack-

Maker; I requeſt he will get the brains of ſaid Philomath carefully diſſected, to ſatisfy the world in what reſpects they differ from thoſe of a white man.

Item, To the Philoſophical Society of Philadelphia, I will and bequeath a correct copy of Thornton's plan for aboliſhing the uſe of the Engliſh language; and for introducing in its ſtead a republican one, the repreſentative characters of which bear a ſtrong reſemblance to pot-hooks and hangers; and for the diſcovery of which plan, the ſaid Society did, in the year 1793, grant to the ſaid language-maker 500 dollars premium.—It is my earneſt deſire, that the copy of this valuable performance, which I hereby preſent, may be ſhown to all the travelling literati, as a proof of the ingenuity of the author, and of the wiſdom of the ſociety.

Item, To Doctor Benjamin Ruſh, I will and bequeath a copy of the Cenſor for January, 1797; but, upon the expreſs condition, that he does not in any wiſe or guiſe, either at the time of my death, or *Six months after*, pretend to ſpeak, write or publiſh an eulogium on me, my calling or character, either literary, military, civil, or political.

Item, To my dear fellow-labourer, Noah Webſter, "gentleman-citizen," Eſq. and News-

man, I will and bequeath a prognoſticating barometer of curious conſtruction and great utility, by which, at a ſingle glance, the ſaid Noah will be able to diſcern the exact ſtate that the public mind will be in the enſuing year, and will thereby be enabled to *trim by degrees* and not expoſe himſelf to detection, as he now does by his ſudden lee-ſhore tacks. I likewiſe bequeath to the ſaid "gentleman-citizen," ſix Spaniſh milled dollars, to be expended on a new plate of his portrait at the head of his ſpelling-book, that which graces it at preſent being ſo ugly that it ſcares the children from their leſſons; but this legacy is to be paid him only upon condition that he leave out the title of *'Squire*, at the bottom of ſaid picture, which is extremely odious in an American ſchool-book, and muſt inevitably tend to corrupt the political principles of the republican babies that behold it. And I do moſt earneſtly deſire, exhort and conjure the ſaid 'Squire news-man, to change the title of his paper, *The Minerva*, for that of *The Political Centaur*.

Item, To F. A. Muhlenburgh, Eſq. Speaker of a late houſe of Repreſentatives of the United States, I leave a moſt ſuperbly finiſhed ſtatue of Janus.

Item, To Tom the Tinker, I leave a liberty cap, a tricoloured cockade, a wheel-barrow full of

oyſters, and a hogſhead of grog: I alſo leave him three blank checks on the Bank of Pennſylvania, leaving to him the taſk of *filling them up;* requeſting him, however, to be rather more merciful than he has ſhown himſelf heretofore.

Item, To the Governor of Pennſylvania, and to the late Preſident and Caſhier of the Bank of the ſaid State, as to joint legatees, I will and bequeath that good old proverb: *Honeſty is the beſt policy.* And this legacy I have choſen for theſe worthy gentlemen, as the only thing about which I am ſure they will never diſagree.

Item, To T—— Coxe, of Philadelphia, citizen, I will and bequeath a crown of hemlock, as a recompenſe for his attempt to throw an odium on the adminiſtration of General Waſhington; and I moſt poſitively enjoin on my executors, to ſee that the ſaid crown be ſhaped exactly like that which this ſpindle-ſhanked legatee wore before Gen. Howe, when he made his triumphal entry into Philadelphia.

Item, To Thomas Lord Bradford (otherwiſe called Gooſy Tom,) Bookſeller, Printer, Newsman, and member of the Philoſophical Society of Philadelphia, I will and bequeath a copy of the Peerage of Great Britain, in

order that the ſaid Lord Thomas may the more exactly aſcertain what probability there is of his ſucceeding to the ſeat, which his noble relation now fills in the Houſe of Lords.

Item, To all and ſingular the authors in the United States, whether they write proſe or verſe, I will and bequeath a copy of my Life and Adventures; and I adviſe the ſaid authors to ſtudy with particular care the 33d and 34th pages thereof; more eſpecially and above all things, I exhort and conjure them never to *publiſh it together*, though the bookſeller ſhould be a ſaint.

Item, To Edmund Randolph, Eſq. late Secretary of State, to Mr. J. A. Dallas, Secretary of the State of Pennſylvania, and to his Excellency Thomas Mifflin, Governor of the ſaid unfortunate State, I will and bequeath, to each of them a copy of the ſixteenth paragraph of Fauchet's *intercepted letter*.

Item, To Citizen John Swanwick, member of Congreſs, by the will and conſent of the ſovereign people, I leave Bills of Exchange on London to an enormous amount; they are *all proteſted*, indeed, but if properly managed, may be turned to good account. I likewiſe bequeath to the ſaid John, a ſmall treatiſe by an Italian author, wherein the ſecret of pleaſ-

ing the ladies is developed, and reduced to a mere mechanical operation, without the leaſt dependance on the precarious aid of the paſſions. Hoping that theſe inſtances of my liberality will produce, in the mind of the little legiſlator, effects quite different from thoſe produced therein by the king of Great Britain's penſion to his parents.

Item, To the editors of the Boſton Chronicle, the New-York Argus, and the Philadelphia Merchants' Advertiſer, I will and bequeath one ounce of modeſty, and love of truth, to be equally divided between them. I ſhould have been more liberal in this bequeſt, were I not well aſſured, that one ounce is more than they will ever make uſe of.

Item, To Franklin Bache, editor of the Aurora of Philadelphia, I will and bequeath a ſmall bundle of French aſſignats, which I brought with me from the country of equality. If theſe ſhould be too light in value for his preſſing exigencies, I deſire my executors, or any one of them, to beſtow on him a ſecond part to what he has lately received in Southwark; and as a further proof of my good will and affection, I requeſt him to accept of a gag and a brand new pair of fetters, which if he ſhould refuſe, I will and bequeath him in lieu thereof—my malediction.

Item, To my beloved countrymen, the people of Old England, I will and bequeath a copy of Doctor Prieſtley's Charity Sermon *for the benefit of poor Emigrants;* and to the ſaid preaching philoſopher himſelf, I bequeath a heart full of diſappointment, grief and deſpair.

Item, To the good people in France, who remain attached to their ſovereign, particularly to thoſe among whom I was hoſpitably received, I bequeath each a good ſtrong dagger; hoping moſt ſincerely that they may yet find courage enough to carry them to the hearts of their abominable tyrants.

Item, To Citizen M——oe, I will and bequeath my chamber looking-glaſs. It is a plain but exceeding true mirror: in it he will ſee the exact likeneſs of a traitor, who has bartered the honour and intereſt of his country to a perfidious and ſavage enemy.

Item, To the republican Britons, who have fled from the hands of juſtice in their own country, and who are a ſcandal, a nuiſance and a diſgrace to this, I bequeath hunger and nakedneſs, ſcorn and reproach; and I do hereby poſitively enjoin on my executors to contribute five hundred dollars towards the erection of gallowſes and gibbets, for the accommodation of the ſaid imported patriots, when the legiſlators of this unhappy ſtate

ſhall have the wiſdom to countenance ſuch uſeful eſtabliſhments.

Item, My friend J. T. Callender, the run-away from Scotland, is of courſe a partaker in the laſt mentioned legacy; but as a particular mark of my attention, I will and bequeath him twenty feet of pine plank, which I requeſt my executors to ſee made into a pillory, to be kept for his particular uſe, till a gibbet can be prepared.

Item, To Tom Paine, the author of *Common Senſe*, *Rights of Man*, *Age of Reaſon*, and a *letter to General Waſhington*, I bequeath a ſtrong hempen collar, as the only legacy I can think of that is worthy of him, as well as beſt adapted to render his death in ſome meaſure as infamous as his life: and I do hereby direct and order my executors to ſend it to him by the firſt ſafe conveyance, with my compliments, and requeſt that he would make uſe of it without delay, that the national razor may not be diſgraced by the head of ſuch a monſter.

Item, To the gaunt outlandiſh orator, vulgarly called The Political Sinner, who in the juſt order of things, follows next after the laſt mentioned legatee, I bequeath the honour of partaking in his cataſtrophe; that in their

deaths as well as in their lives, all the world may exclaim; "*See how rogues hang together!*"

Item, To all and ſingular the good people of theſe States, I leave peace, union, abundance, happineſs, untarniſhed honour, and an unconquerable everlaſting hatred to the French Revolutioniſts and their deſtructive abominable principles.

Item, To each of my Subſcribers I leave *a quill*, hoping that in their hands it may become a ſword againſt every thing that is hoſtile to the government and independence of their country.

Laſtly, To my three brothers, Paul, Simon and Dick, I leave my whole eſtate, as well real as perſonal (firſt paying the foregoing legacies) to be equally divided between them ſhare and ſhare alike. And I do hereby make and conſtitute my ſaid three brothers the executors of this my LAST WILL; to ſee the ſame performed, according to its true intent and meaning, as far as in their power lies.

PETER PORCUPINE.

Witneſs Preſent,

Philo Fun,
Jack Jockus.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30 JUL 53

The PUBLISHERS *avail themſelves of this opportunity of informing the* PUBLIC, *that if the preſent ſelection from the Works of the celebrated* PORCUPINE *meets with the ſale expected, it will be followed by Pieces of equal merit, culled from the Works of the ſame Author.*